Could I rage and rore as doth the ſea ſhe lies in,
Yet the end muſt be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for ſhe was borne at ſea) I haue named ſo,
Heere I change your charity withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beſeeching you to giue her
Princely training, that ſhe may be manner'd as ſhe is borne.
Cleon, Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne, for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall vpon you, muſt in your childe
Be thought on, if neglect ſhould therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my duty, but if to that,
My nature need a ſpurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation,
Per. I beleeue you, your honour and your goodneſſe,
Teach mee toot without your vowes till ſhe be married,
Maddam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnſiſterd ſhall his heyres of mine remaine,
Though I ſhew will in't; ſo I take my leaue:
Good Maddam, make me bleſſed, in your care
In bringing vp my childe.
Dion. I haue one my ſelfe, who ſhall not be more deere to my reſpect then yours my Lord.
Per. My thanks and prayers.
Cleon. Wee'l bring your graces to the edge of the ſhore, then giue you vp to the maſked *Neptune*, and the gentleſt windes of heauen.
Per. I will embrace your offer come deereſt Madame.
O no teares *Lychorida*, no teares looke to your little Miſtris, on whoſe grace you may depend heereafter: come my Lord.

Enter Cerymon and Thaiſa.

Cer. Maddam, this Letter, and ſome certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command:
Know you the Character?
Thai. It is my Lords, that I was ſhipt at ſea, I well remember,
euen on my learning time: but whether there deliuered, by the holy

holy Gods, I cannot rightly ſay: but ſince King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I neere ſhall ſee againe, a vaſtall liuery will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy.
Cer. Maddam, if this you purpoſe as ye ſpeake,
Dianas Temple is not diſtant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you pleaſe a Neece of mine,
Shall their attend you,
Thai. My recompeace is thanks, thats all,
Yet my good will is great, the gift ſmall. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and ſetled to his owne deſire?
His woſull Queene we leaue at *Epheſus*,
vnto *Diana* ther's a votariſſe.
Now to Marina bend your minde,
Whom our faſt growing ſcene muſt find
At *Tharſus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In Muſickes letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace
Which makes high both the art and place
Of generall wonder but alacke
That monſter Enuy oft the wracke
Of earned praiſe, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treaſons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen ripe for marriage fight: this Maid
Hight Philoten: and it is ſaid
For certaine in our ſtory, ſhe
Would euer with Marinar be,
Beet when they weaude the ſleded ſilke,
With fingers long, ſmall, white as milke,
Or when ſhe would with ſharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which ſhe made more ſound
By hurting it, or when too'th Lute
She ſung, and made the night bed mute,

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